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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

HIS HEAD is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit dawn
Shall come;—the shining hour of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

—*Vachel Lindsay*

From "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight"
In "The Congo and Other Poems"

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 419
Military Training in Chicago High Schools..... 420
The United States on Trial..... 421

CONTRIBUTED—
If the War Should Stop Tomorrow.—Arthur L. Weatherly 423
Greenacre on the Piscatagna.—Smith Baker, M. D. 425

SELECTED—
A Neglected Shrine.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones..... 426

POETRY—
From "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."—*Vachel Lindsay* 417
In War-Time.—*Florence Earle Coates*..... 419

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion. VI.—John Calvin..... 428

THE FIELD—
Military Training for School Boys—Does America Want It?..... 430

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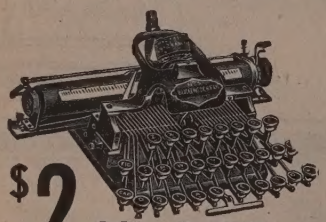

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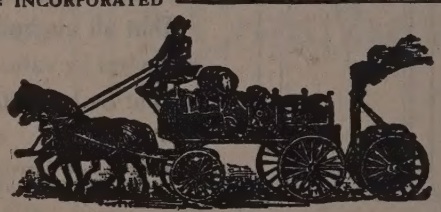

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1917 NUMBER 23

IN WAR-TIME

Breakers that beat against the shore
With pulsing throb and angry roar
And multitudinous moanings evermore,—
Ye are to me as souls untaught of pain,
That bent upon a fruitless quest
Still dash themselves 'gainst barrier laws in vain;
But, oh, beyond your tumult and unrest,
Is Ocean like the Everlasting Will,—
So vast, so deep, so still!

Florence Earle Coates.

"Poems." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Lady Selborne, at a recent "Anglican meeting," regretted that the church persists in using so many "inferior men" while there are so many good women, with the gift of speech, left out.

A French ornithologist reports that migratory birds have learned to make a detour around through Switzerland and Italy, avoiding the straight course through France, but the native birds, unintimidated, continue their warblings amid booming guns and bursting shells. The nightingale takes its inspirations from the moon, or something beyond and above battle trenches. The human soul ought not to be shamed by a nightingale!

The English House of Commons is finding time between the battlefield problems to try to co-operate with the United States in the conservation of wild bird plumage. It seeks to enact the American law against the importation of bird plumage, in the interest of birds, who have a right to a place in the sun by virute of the beauty of their plumage and the harmony of their songs. What about radiant youths and singing men? Cannot their lives be protected by the same token?

Humanity, published at Madras, contains a notice of an approaching "all-India Theistic Conference" which, in spite of the Hindu names, quaint spelling and impossible pronunciation, seem strangely familiar at UNITY office. The conference is announced to sit for about two weeks. All the Samajes are requested to send the names of their delegates without delay, they being directed to bring with them warm clothing, blankets and quilts, for they will find Lucknow "very cold during Christmas." It is also announced that only vegetable diet will be supplied to delegates and that the cost will be one rupee per head per day. Children under twelve will not be charged for, and visitors cannot be accommodated at the delegates' camp. The program for six days is outlined. There are many sermons and religious services announced. "Education," "Social Service," "Possibilities of Universal Religion," "Leading Ideas in Theism," "Ladies' Meetings," "Business Meetings" are among the things announced. These people represent the liberal Christianity of Hinduism, the Unitarian and the Free Religious association movements of the Orient, of more significance than we, at this distance, can well understand.

The English Unitarian Year Book for 1917 reports 289 places of worship in England, 38 in Ireland, 35 in Wales, 8 in Scotland and 15 on the British dominions across the seas. A small showing for a great inheritance. Priestly, Lindsay, Martineau are names not to be estimated by parish rolls. The *Christian Life* notes that for the first time in the history of Britain the majority of the Cabinet are non-conformist. Lloyd-George is listed as a Baptist, Bonar Law as a Presbyterian, Arthur Henderson as a Methodist. And still these labels do not properly list either the English cabinet or the English people.

From the high windows of Lincoln Centre the Editor of UNITY sees these days the tragedy of the horse on the ice-covered pavements of a city street. Smooth shoes are worse than no shoes, and sharpened shoes are soon dulled, but heavy loads can be avoided and auto trucks have no knees to blister or legs to break. See to it that the horse is well shod in the name of humanity. It is bad for the horse, it is worse for the driver and worst of all for the greedy employer who sits in his comfortable office, counting his profits on the overloaded wagon.

This week will be a busy week at UNITY office. The three days' meeting at the Centre with John Haynes Holmes the leading speaker, the dinner given in his honor in Emerson Hall on Thursday evening, and the starting of a pilgrim band from the Centre on Saturday evening for the Lincoln Shrines at Hodgenville, Kentucky, and Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, will keep us all busy. The editorial contingency in the expedition may not return in time to report the meetings in next week's UNITY, but UNITY and its readers are never in a hurry about such mat-

ters. We are not concerned with "scoops" and "latest news," but we do try to regulate our watches by the sun and to keep within sight of the moving banners of progress. In due time we will tell you all about it.

The last slur at a pacifist, the supposed final knock-out, that is unanswerable, is to brand him as a "peace-at-any-price man." What do you mean by the phrase, militant critic? Do you say "virtue-at-any-price," "righteousness at any price"? Is the law of love to be removed, and murder, rapine, the degradations incident to war and the misery that follows in its train—are these the cheap price to pay for "Honor" through war? Suppose you try to paraphrase your dictum: Peace at the price of reason, peace at the price of humanity, progress, law, order? What is the statute book for? Why study sociology? Why affect religion, if there are emergencies when all these demands are to be swept away and war be the final appeal?

"Israel—The International People"—this is the significant title of a sermon by the Reverend Doctor David Phillipson before the Union of American Hebrew Congregations at Baltimore on the 15th ult. The Jews have always been impressed with the sense of a "call." In one way or another the consensus of a "chosen people" has haunted their imagination, now it has proved a pitiless handicap, and anon an inspiration of splendid import. May it not be, after all, that the centuries of wrong and generations of isolation and worse have prepared them to be The International Race to give the world a demonstration of a brotherhood more fundamental than that rimmed by the limits of crowns, the enactments of parliaments, or the carvings of the sword? There is infinite pathos in the thought that all the battlefields of Europe, irrespective of sides or issues, have been reddened with Jewish blood. The countries that have isolated them, tortured them, and despised their religion, have by one force or another lured them into the ranks to fight for—what? Internationalism is being exemplified by the various cults and societies. Socialists, labor unionists, the advocates of the single tax, the Masonic and other fraternal orders, have all of them suffered vivisection at the hands of Mars. They have all been led through the fire by Moloch, but no other International body has the rich inheritance, the racial preparation for international life, that the Jews have received. Is it asking too much that the people of Isaiah and Jesus and Paul should give us a continuation of the prohpetic line, leaders to declare the message of peace and brotherhood in such a way that it becomes commanding and that the brotherhood they have so long suffered for may be realized?

We are both glad and sorry to learn that the order sent forward from Lincoln Centre for twenty dollars' worth of the little "Military Training in Public Schools" pamphlet alluded to in our note of January 25th cannot be filled at the central office in Philadelphia, the unexpected demand having exceeded the edition of 25,000 copies. Here is a piece of work that it would seem ought to arouse the united co-operation of peace societies and peace individuals. Can there not be some concerted action by which an edition of no less than 100,000 can be put to press in as cheap a form as is practical with attractiveness, to be retailed in units of 25, 50, 100 copies each, without profit anywhere? UNITY will be glad to receive suggestions from friends of the movement. General Leonard Wood is on record as saying that military training should begin at the age of nineteen, which will clearly lift it out of high school possibilities. Come, let us reason together about the matter.

Perhaps a word from the far East may inspire more quiet thought than is possible to words spoken in the feverish battle atmosphere of Europe and America. The *Indian Messenger*, published in Calcutta, speaks of an "ugly phase of nationalism. . . . Nationalism has come to stay, but not that abomination of it which will live in fancied greatness without the striving to be great. . . . Whatever the meaning of nationalism, it is a fact that a certain class of nationalists has everywhere been distinguished by their blind and bigoted adherence to all existing moral and religious ills of the country. Thus nationalism has come to mean the maintenance of the *status quo* in social and religious conditions. . . . To read profound philosophy into the silliest and stupidest custom is nationalism." Our Hindu friends make home applications of these general principles. Are we in our boasted western independency able to do the same? Where does our nationalism end and our universalism begin?

Military Training in Chicago High Schools

The *Chicago Tribune* seems incensed because the Editor of UNITY accepted an invitation to address the students of Lane Technical High School on the subject agreed upon by the Principal and Mr. Jones as the "Story of the Peace Ship and Its Lessons." The lecture was one in a course which the management provides for. According to the *Tribune*, Mr. Loeb,

the Chairman of the School Board, was much incensed at the news and threatened an "investigation" on his return. The real situation is this: In Chicago and elsewhere, the Board has offered military training at the *option* of the student. It is an elective course. The lecture in question appealed for social fair play for the students who from their own convictions or that of their parents proposed to decline the privilege of military drill. The military argument has been offered by an arrangement of the Board by a captain of the standing army. Was there any violation of the rules on behalf either of the principal of the school or of the lecturer in seeing that the boys had the chance to hear the other side of the argument, and that they be encouraged to think before they act, to study before they come to a conclusion? A petition is in the hands of the school committee signed by a hundred or more of the workers of the Abraham Lincoln Centre that the problem of war be made a matter of academic study in the High School, at least for the senior year, that the necessary course be arranged for by competent authorities and adequate provision be made for the supply of books and lectures to make the course of study both profitable and interesting, which can only be done by an impartial study of both sides. This disposition to stampede the school systems of America into the militaristic lines that have brought Europe to its sad plight, is presented forcibly by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead in a recent number of the *Boston Advertiser*. She states boldly the unchallenged fact that the Army League from Washington sought and procured a straw vote among the Harvard students on "Some form of universal military training," offering to pay the expenses of students to come on and address the Senate Committee on Military Affairs at the capitol. The vote, which resulted two to one in the affirmative, was taken before any discussion of the subject had been held and "reflected the sentiment which is being sedulously fostered by army men throughout the country." Hudson Maxim's "Defenceless America" is being freely distributed by the thousands among college students, and is now being distributed in hotel bedrooms,—alongside of the Bible placed there by Gideon's Band. Mrs. Mead, in the article referred to, presents forcibly the possibility of industrial training as a substitute for the military discipline. "Compulsory service," if you like the term, might be offered in all forms of industry, engineering, agriculture, manufacturing, with perhaps one day a week set aside for military drill. But the present mad reaction toward war as a means of honor and a test of valor will consider no substitutes, and is blind to the pleadings, pedagogical and economic, that present themselves to the philosopher and the philanthropist.

The United States on Trial

[The Editor offers no apology for yielding his editorial space in UNITY this week to the closing part of his last Sunday sermon at Lincoln Centre. The freedom of extemporaneous speech, as stenographically reported, leaves something to be regretted in the form, but nothing to be retracted in the principles involved. In the deliberation of the sanctum, he again earnestly reaches out for a larger audience.]

Something happened last week, something ominous, something tragic. Something that may carry with it floods of tears, oceans of blood, and destroy towers of treasure. I must declare myself in this presence, were it the last word even given me to speak from this free platform: If war was wrong last week, it will be wrong next week. If it was wrong then to tear human flesh to shreds, to devastate homes and desecrate the ideals of men and of nations, it is wrong now, and it is everlastingly wrong.

War is still a survival of brute forces. It occurs where spirit has not yet freed itself from the entanglements of things that can be measured, of things that can be weighed. We of the United States for two and a half years have been twiddling our thumbs while Europe was tearing itself to pieces. We have gloated over our increasing prosperity, the profits from our hellish industry of making things that kill. We have sowed the continent of Europe thick with fragments of shell and bullets stained with human blood. We have filled hospitals with agonized bodies. We have torn homes to pieces. We have planted uncounted acres with human bones. We, I say we, have been sending this devilish stuff over there to do the work of hell, while taking shelter behind some thin, shadowy rag of what we call "international law." Alas, now we are in grave danger of being swept into this fiendish madness which we have witnessed and fostered.

Do not tell me that there is any "honor" in trying to avenge the loss of a few petty ships and a limited number of lives by proceeding by conquest and under the guidance of science to sink numberless other ships and destroy numberless other lives on both sides of the fighting line, killing those whose hands are clean of any responsibility. As I interpret spirit, no wrong can be atoned by other wrongs. You cannot bring back the lives that are gone by sallying forth to destroy other lives.

Three great inspirations to war have obtained in what we call civilization. First was the battle for God. Some of the hardest battles of history were devoted to religion; they were for God's sake.

Then there was the battle for greed, for territory, the love of power. Many millions of lives have been sacrificed in trying to straighten boundary lines between nations which scarcely knew themselves apart.

Then there comes this other thing we call "honor"—

battle for honor's sake. As if any nation in the light of history could add a star to its crown of glory by proving itself of superior power in killing its neighbors. As if outraged dignity could be assuaged by a systematic slaughter of innocents.

The United States is now under a panic for "honor's sake." This valor for "honor" threatens to throw us into everlasting dishonor. I have lived through three of these spasms. I remember the dark midnight when, as a boy, I crawled out of bed with the rest of the family because the bigger brother had come home with the awful news that Sumter had been fired upon. I have often traced with you that inspiration, that intoxication, to the bitter end, and found, as everybody now knows, that it was the very, very wrong way of doing the right thing.

I remember, as most of you remember, that other time when the flags climbed to the highest and fireworks illuminated the cities, that otherwise were torpid and stupid, with the cry: "Remember the Maine! Remember the Maine! Remember the Maine!" And, remembering the Maine, the great republic was precipitated into a mad, foolish, fruitless war. Our minister to Spain told me with his own lips, and he repeated it over and over again in public, that if the United States had but let reason rule forty-eight or seventy-two hours longer, everything would have been accomplished by diplomacy at the capital city of Spain that we succeeded in getting by brutal, merciless, bloody barbarism, including a compensation for the Maine for which Spain never admitted her guilt. It was a mad intensity that led us into that fruitless struggle.

And now comes this excitement. When pugilists in the last desperate struggle for conquest resort to the ultimate expediencies of fighters, no longer content to pull at each other's hair or clutch at each other's throats, they forget all the limitations that obtain in the ring and hit anywhere, above or below the belt. We, who sit by, witnessing all these things, seeing this desperate struggle, because our own supposed "rights" are now invaded a little bit, and our commerce is endangered, become enraged. Will we dare jump into this ring at this time to add wickedness to wickedness, and murder to murder?

May God help us to reinforce the spirit, that we may carry this diplomatic perplexity to the court of reason, listen to the impulses of love and take a "quarter of an hour," nationally speaking, to commune with God and with the voice within. We should go behind that ragged page, born out of expediency and cruelty, the selfishness of formality and precedent, which we call "international law," a thing of shreds and tatters, at best, born out of a false assumption that the normal relations between nations are those of rivalry and antagonism and not of a community interest.

Steps may be taken down there at Washington this week which will strike a bloody sword deep into the flesh of this nation where a million quivering nerves, deeper than consciousness, bind us to the Fatherland over there. It is international vivisection, without cause and without profit, if we look at it even on the external side of things alone. Here our New Germany is summoned to our colors to strike at the heart of the Fatherland.

I have mounted guard on many a weary watch under the direction of a German sergeant. I have divided my rations with and profited by the prowess of "Fred Schmidt" more than once. I walked afoot while my German lieutenant rode horseback. I saw Carl Schurz, clad in the panoply of war, lead his 11th and 12th corps up the bloody side of Missionary Ridge. I saw dear old Colonel Matthias of the "Fife-th" Iowa, as he used to call it, after the bloody battle of Corinth dismounting and falling on the logs as he sobbed, "My boys! My poor boys!"—one hundred or more of them lying there in one trench. I know of Colonel Matthias on the charge. I know of how the boys loved him on the march. He had a reputation for discipline and military usefulness which he brought from his years of training across the sea, but I think of Colonel Matthias most tenderly shedding bitter tears over that open grave where his boys were lying, those boys who were so much alive the day before.

All the United States is quivering with gentle emotions today where divided loyalties are being challenged by the cruel brutality that may declare war with a precipitancy with which no benignant project, national or otherwise, would be entered upon.

So I stand here to say again that war is wrong, unalterably wrong, an inheritance from the brute, and there is a better way to do it.

Said a man to me the other day when I was talking to the students of the Lane Technical High School: "Do you think that your ideals will come true in a thousand years?" I did not wait for the conclusion of his sentence before I exclaimed: "That is none of my business. I don't know whether it will be a thousand years or five thousand years. I know where I belong, and I know what ultimately will triumph."

The time is coming for the United States to decide whether it will ally itself with Christ or with Cæsar, whether the law of love can be tried or the law of hate be resorted to.

Oh, but "Honor! Honor!" Honor to the wind where love and right and beauty and humanity are jeopardized. Oh, our country will be valorous on sea or land, if it sallies forth, but it will be a valor allied to

cowardice compared to the sublime valor of Calvary, which still waits for a nation to vindicate the Christ as he has been overwhelmingly vindicated in individual lives.

And so to ease my own soul—not because I thought it could reach the Centre—I sent this telegram to our President, in whom I have trusted and in whom I still have hope:

"Keep us out of war. The incivilities of war-maddened monarchies are no adequate excuse for plunging a great democracy into the same madness. The destruction of a few lives and ships cannot be atoned for by sacrificing countless lives and homes. A wrong cannot be righted by added wrongs. Our crowning dishonor would be to surrender to the war spirit in this dire crisis of civilization and of our boasted Christianity. Now, if ever, should the choice be made: Is it Christ or Caesar?"

While the blackest, the damnedest war is a transient thing, and the triumphs of the noblest and greatest of wars are evanescent, still the tides of life are ever onward and upward, and we, God helping us, must go in that direction.

If the War Should Stop Tomorrow

Some day the men who represent the governments of Europe must sit about a table and solemnly and seriously and without passion discuss the conditions of Peace and the future of Europe.

It is inevitable that this conference must come sooner or later. At that conference the neutral nations will be represented directly or indirectly. The world is so closely knit together that whatever concerns one nation concerns all.

At that conference two ideals must inevitably clash. One is the old ideal that beyond the state society knows no organization. The other holds that the next step in the history of mankind is the organization of the world. It is not to be expected that a world organization will come from this conference as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove. But the ideal will be discussed and the first steps toward its realization will be taken.

Every citizen in every nation of the world is interested in the conference and its conclusions. Democracy has but one weapon, Public Opinion. The moral sense of the world revolts at the thought of a few men remote from the influence of public opinion settling for weal or woe, for good or ill the destiny of mankind. The issues are too important, the stake too great to allow a few men to balance their selfish interests against one another and call it a settlement.

Humanity wants peace, the maimed and blind, the mothers and the children, those who have suffered the agonies of the trenches, want some guarantee that when the settlement is made it will not be merely the basis for another war, as so many settlements have been in the past.

The people are long suffering and pathetically patient. They have fought in past ages, knowing

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

But now the murmurings of the people are beginning to be heard. It is a faint sound, it is true. But as the Scotch girl at Lucknow heard the pipes of the Campbells when no one else could catch the strains, so some are now hearing the signals of the coming revolt. Let no one be deceived because the men obey orders today.

When one reads the daily papers, the popular magazines and reviews, he thinks that the only subjects of discussion are the war and the fixing of responsibility for its beginning. But we have learned many times in the past that what the public appeared to be thinking about was not the subject of their thoughts.

Today the real question that is being mulled over in the inner consciousness of millions of people is not the war or the cause of the war. They know that what is done cannot be undone. The pregnant thought of today, that presages great happenings, is the future organization of the world.

If the war should stop tomorrow voices will begin to be heard, voices now silent or suppressed, voices from many lands and many peoples in increasing numbers until they will take on that strange, fearful sound, which will be to those who sit in the seats of the mighty the voice of serious men whose will is not to be questioned.

The moment the day of peace comes we are going to take the next step in the discussion of the organization of the world. Those who represent the old order of the world will fight against it and only stubbornly yield. But yield they must. There are no backward steps in the history of mankind. God does not know how to retreat.

From schools and universities, from offices and factories, from all the walks of life men will join with those who have been in the trenches, and in a great mass formation they will surely move forward, at least a little, toward their heart's desire. This thought thrills the lovers of humanity everywhere. Great as is their agony at this Christmas time, it is buried beneath a great hope. The dream of the ages may be at the point of the beginning of its realization in terms of human institutions. Thousands of men and women in every country in the world are looking forward today, not with despair, but with hope. Everywhere men are uttering the words of promise, "This must never happen again." And they have made a solemn, sacred pledge that they will give all that they can give that it may never happen again.

If the war should stop tomorrow these men know that the next step in their task is before them. They will gird up their loins. They will set themselves with passionate yet deliberate earnestness to the duty that to them is the voice of God.

The Aniti-Oorlag Raad, the Ford Stockholm Conference, the League for an Enduring Peace, the Woman's Peace Society, the League to Enforce Peace, and a score or more of world organizations are ready for this task. A flood of good will, dammed up at the present day, will be let loose upon the world the day that there is cessation of hostilities. The men of wisdom, the scholars, the poets, the dreamers, the philosophers will then be heard. The workers will no longer be silent.

When the conference of nations meets, the people will be there. No one can say them nay. They will insist that they must be heard and I seriously believe that they will be heard. If anything has been discovered during the past two and a half years it is this: That public opinion is a factor to be reckoned with in the affairs of the world. Representatives from

all of the organizations working for an enduring peace, delegates from the Chambers of Commerce, from the Trade Unions, from the Socialist organizations, from the Churches, and a host of other organizations will sit right down beside this conference of diplomats. The members will be unable to escape the white heat of the rays of public opinion that will be focussed upon them. Not in obscure corners but at the cross roads of humanity, the diplomats must discuss the world's business.

The promise of that great parliament of man, the congress of humanity which will lay the foundations of the new order of the world, makes bright even this Christmas day with its shadow of sorrow.

I do not forget that when the war stops a great sigh of relief will ascend from the heart of weary mothers and saddened fathers to the very throne of heaven. I realize when that joyful day comes that the men in the trenches will utter a shout that will cause the very mountains to tremble. On that day of days, joy will reign over all the earth. Some few may wish that the slaughter might have continued until all Europe was overwhelmed, but no one will dare to utter out loud that insane wish in the presence of the universal happiness of mankind. We will meet in great assembly halls and sing our noblest songs. Men, once enemies, will embrace their brothers. Joy, joy, a perfect riot of joy will for the moment cause men and women to forget their sorrow and give them a thrill of exaltation before the dull, dull ache comes back as they turn, as turn they must, to assume the terrible burdens that have been laid upon their weary backs.

When the bugle with its shrill and strident notes sends over the mountains and through the valleys and across the seas the order: "Stop firing!" thousands of men and women will be released from making the instruments of death. They will turn again to the great tasks of civilization. As if by magic mankind in the greater portion of the world will "right about face." They will no longer march downhill, but uphill. The energies of the people will be used in building the civilization of tomorrow.

As the *London Star* said in a recent editorial, the dawn of the day of peace is at hand. A faint light is penetrating the darkness of the eastern sky. This brings hope to mankind. It is this hope that brings joy to this Christmas time. It makes us forget for the moment the nervous clutching of the little fingers of starving children, the wan, pale faces of homeless women, the haggard faces of the aged. We stand as it were trembling, on tiptoe, eagerly waiting the coming dawn. Our anticipation only gives us an intimation of the songs of gladness that will greet the sun when it appears in all its glory.

America is tied up forever with the destiny of the world. Our roots go back to the mother countries and the fatherlands. Our hearts are bound by innumerable ties to those that suffer across the seas. The great laws of trade and commerce have made the oceans inland lakes. Trade and commerce have bound us into a world community. The suffering of one is the suffering of all. The injury of one is the injury of all. The spirit of America seeks to incarnate itself in every individual citizen. The spirit of America lives in the individual soul.

If we are Amercans then we as individuals must enter into the stream of world life. As individuals we must do our part in the great world drama, if America is truly to do its share. We have no government on which we can shove responsibility. We have no "state" behind which we can hide. Let us then highly resolve before God and man to do our holy and human duty. The problem is so vast, the undertaking so tremendous, that we have no strength to waste on vain and useless recriminations. We cannot stop to hate; in fact we cannot hate, for we are in "the land where hate dies." Every ounce of our energy, all the passion of our souls must be reserved for the great task to which by the providence of events we are called. If the war should stop tomorrow, America, you and I and all the others who have felt the magic touch of the hand of America on our brows, must be ready to say the word and do the deed that will aid the world in the establishment of an enduring peace.

In our duty to the spirit of America we must forget all that tends to divide us into embittered factions and to destroy our influence, in helping to shape and direct the destiny of the world.

The ancient nations have sent us the bravest, the strongest of their youth. They poured into this land of hope and promise the pioneers who conquered our forests and redeemed our deserts. They came to the new land, whether they knew it or not, to found the institutions of the new order of the world. Here they were to build a nation of citizens who were also sovereigns. They made it our destiny to proclaim to the world the sacredness of the individual. But the individual is only of worth to mankind as he returns in larger measure the benefits that have been poured into his life by the sacrifice and toil of others. All of us trace our ancestry back to some fatherland or motherland. America will not be true to herself if we forget our duty to those who have given unto us the basilar principles of our civilization. Our duty is plain. If we have any power, if we have any influence, we will be cowards and ingrates if we do not strive with all our power to aid mankind in its hour of need.

This is no time to be thinking of the selfish advantage we may reap from the catastrophe of those to whom we owe so much. This is not the hour in which to plot and scheme to add to the burdens of the world. When the hour strikes we must be ready with as clean hands as we can present to the world, to take our part manfully in creating a world order that will free our brothers and our sisters from the awful nightmare of fear that has beset them for the past fifty years. We must say to mothers of the world that it is the solemn vow of America that they shall no longer rear their boys to be cannon fodder. We must say that it is our high and serious purpose to do our part in making a world in which the laws of the spirit shall have supremacy over every other law; a world where peace shall be rooted in the institutions of men and where no man can be the enemy of another. This is our high and holy mission. It has been placed upon us by the inexorable facts of human history.

If the war should stop tomorrow let us be ready, ready to do our part even to the uttermost. Let us banish all hate and all rancor from our midst. Let us together advance to the mighty task that is before us. Let us make our beloved country honored, not

because of its riches, but because of its service to mankind.

Let us not forget, if the war should stop tomorrow, that mankind must once more take up the burden of civilization. Once more mankind must undertake the task of learning how to live together. This is our task. We are a part, an inseparable part of the human family. If the war stops tomorrow are you ready for that task?

The songs of the angels echoing down the centuries plead with us to be ready, ready for the duty of the hour. We cannot forget today that tomorrow we honor the Prince of Peace. This is the one great day of brotherhood. Humanity surrenders to the eternal law of love. Good-will is in the ascendant. This is Christmas. On Christmas day let every American consecrate himself to the fulfilling of the mission of his country. Let him fling the banner of love far across the sky. We together must do our part to realize the dream of the ancient prophet of Peace.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.
All Souls Church, Lincoln, Neb.

Greenacre on the Piscatagna

In this "breathing time of day," I once more find myself thinking upon the pleasant sunset hour when I first rode up the Piscatagna River from Old Portsmouth to the newly constructed landing denoted as "Greenacre Inn." My first greeting was, "You are just too late to meet Mr. Whittier. He went but an hour ago." And then I was told how the benediction of the peace-promoting old poet has rested upon everyone there, and how he had spoken words that would be remembered to the end of time. Being the promised speaker for the next day, I was seated at table in the chair that Mr. Whittier had used and accorded unaccustomed honors in consequence. As I looked out of the window opposite me, the sun was bathing both land and water with a light all gold, and it brought out in distinct outline the big tent that was then used for the "lecture conferences" exclusively. On the topmost point of the tall center pole of this there rested quietly the figure of a white dove, and from the space just below there floated a long white streamer on which was painted conspicuously the single word "PEACE." Here was the place and such was the atmosphere in which I was to give the "lecture" entitled "Constructive Phylogeny," but which the *Boston Transcript* misprinted the day after as "Constructive Polygamy"! and the place to which I was recalled the following year to work a whole week at trying to make as plain as deep, responsible interest and devoted industry could then make, the more useful subtleties of "Child Psychology." Both occasions were memorable ones, and replete with significant incidents; but that which is ever most vividly before my eyes as I remember Greenacre, is by the large floating streamer with its legend "Peace," and the white dove over it looking calmly down as if to accentuate its every letter to the full. Both dove and flag uttered a speech that many of us had been slow to learn, I fear!

Greenacre was simply the "Inn," and the big tent, and three or four cottages for those who preferred them. The season began late in June and broke off early in September. The whole atmosphere was as truly the result of altruistic devotion and earnest seeking for right methods as any that I have ever heard of. It was not a "Brook Farm" or a "Fruitlands" or a "Community" of any sort, but, simply a *Platform* from which there was to be spoken the very best and most optimistic word that each speaker had ever conceived. No fault finding, no unnecessary criticism, no pessimistic whining, was expected or welocme, but simply whatever of faith and right cheer and wholesome inspiration each one's experience and reflection had revealed as being of most worth not alone to a Greenacre audience, but to the world at large; for everything was extensively reported in the Boston papers and thus spread broadcast to a wide and influential circle. "'Tis Day-Break Everywhere," said the annual Announcement, and it was in this spirit that everything was continued and executed that I saw or heard there. On the platform there had already stood many a notable man and woman who had responded to the invitation of its promotor to do their very best with both loyalty and skill. Such names as John G. Whittier and William Dean Howells and David Starr Jordan; as Frank B. Sanborn, E. P. Powell, Hezekiah Butterworth, George Willis Cooke and Nathaniel Schmidt; such as Edwin D. Mead, Edward Atkinson, Edwin Markham, Lewis G. Janes, B. Fay Mills, Ralph Waldo Trine, Edward Everet Hale, Joseph Jefferson, and The Swami Abhedananda, will suggest the general standing of these voluntary benefactors, and give a true notion of what the Greenacre *habitués* were then in the habit of receiving for their instruction; while music, especially Wagnerian music, may stand for what they received by way of the higher pleasure. It was indeed a platform where almost everything was motived and timed to the most graceful step forward to the goal of universal peace, and whence irradiated streams of influence that must have told for good unto their furthermost reaches.

How Greenacre came to be is of exceptional interest, to say the least. Its projector and promotor, Miss Sara J. Farmer, was the only daughter of Professor Moses G. Farmer, who had been reasonably prosperous as "one of the ablest of the early investigators and electrical inventors (the present trolley systems are said to be very largely founded upon the product of his genius), and who, while waiting for slow but inevitable death, had communed night and day with his daughter over the question as to what beneficent project could best be given the financial savings that he was to leave behind. At last the idea of Greenacre, the name they had given to the old farm on the Piscatagna, was hit upon and the detail as to its inception and management marked out with inviolable foresight. After the father's death, his influence persisting vividly with the daughter, she promptly proceeded to execute his wishes, in which she as enthusiastically concurred as practicable. One would have to go far to find again so devoted and loyal a legatee and executrix as Miss. Farmer proved to be. She not only believed in the rightness of the enterprise, but labored assiduously to make everyone else believe in it too. One afternoon we took a walk to a rise of ground from which mostly the whole farm was in view. What a vision of prospective usefulness was there unfolded to the eye of faith. Here, was to be an up-to-date school for unfortunate children.

There, was to be an appropriate rest for friendless or aged people. Over yonder, a seminary for young ladies was to stand, beyond, a fine hospital for convalescents. Under the pines, the "Montsserat School," already a scene of much fine theological discussion, was to have permanent quarters; and so on and on, until all the needs of truth-seeking, freedom-loving, or distressed humankind were to be rightly met, and all as the free gift from herself and others who might believe in her and the generous enterprise she had in view. It was the vision of the undoubting seer, the brooding of the mother-heart, the benevolence of the divine goodness, the faith that is not easily chilled by indifference or that halts at repeated failure—it was all this that looked out from the eyes of her who had given her all and who confidently expected the Lord to provide whatever else might be wanting! Alas! that so much grace and goodness and hope could not have then prevailed in the world that so greatly needs to have all such abundance of life realized! Yet we must nevertheless not fail to believe with Helen Hunt Jackson, God's hours are never late no matter how discouragingly postponed.

As the years went on, I am told "wrong influences" came boldly forward to invade the sacred precincts of Greenacre and that it gradually went down to an entirely different end, instead of ascending to a realization of its founder's beautiful vision; while the loss and worry and overwork and awful strain experienced by its patroness at every step, resulted inevitably in the breaking of health that was to be but the beginning of the end!

Not long since she was laid away by the hands of never-disbelieving friends, and so far as the old-time real Greenacre is concerned, it too must have been laid away eternally, in the final resting place of one of the largest-hearted of earth, the woman whose name should be thought of as a fine legacy to every other woman, the name of Sara J. Farmer, of Greenacre, whose influence for good should never be forgotten, and whose due praise should never be allowed to go unsung. SMITH BAKER, M. D.

Camden, N. Y.

A Neglected Shrine

(Reprinted from UNITY of March 24, 1904)

A slow, chilly ride through a drizzling rain, over a pasty red clay road of three miles from the little village of Hodgenville, Kentucky, brought me to the cradle spot of the greatest American, the sole American who shares with Washington the love and admiration of the civilized world. Washington and Lincoln are the two names that have been lifted above all sectional, party and social prejudices. They have ceased even to be American—they belong to Humanity. King and Peasant, Monarchy and Republic, rich and poor, foreigner and native, North and South, unite in honoring them.

It is a touching tribute to both that their names are so often connected and are fast becoming indissoluble. In the estimation of the competent, as well as in the admiration of the young, it is not Washington *or* Lincoln, but it is Washington *and* Lincoln. There is no occasion for invidious comparison. So different are they, there is no chance for rival interests, for local or other jealousies. So removed are they in time and temperament, so different were their tasks, that they can never be considered as antagonists or rivals. Washington created, Lincoln perpetuated. Washington directed the crude forces of a primitive country, Lincoln directed and controlled the same forces grown turbulent and for a mad space of time defiant and antagonistic.

Proud is the Nation that has produced both a Washington and a Lincoln, so different and yet so near akin. Washington was noble; so was Lincoln, but he was loving too. Washington was just; so was Lincoln, but he added to justice, gentleness. Washington was sagacious; so was Lincoln, and he was also witty. Washington was pre-eminently guided by the head, he was the judgment of his people and his cause; Lincoln, not wanting in judgment, was dominated by the heart; he was the providence of his people, the friend of his foes, and in the light of time his foes have become his appreciative friends and loyal champions.

And still the birthplace of this great American is the picture of desolation and neglect. The humble cabin wherein he was born has been carried away as a curious show; there remain to mark the spot only a crude pole set in the ground and a few flagstones left there by Nature or by chance. Even the famous spring of water is desecrated and neglected, accessible to pigs, cattle and horses. This spring still flows with delicious water, but the pilgrim who drinks from it must drink as I was glad to do without the help of cup or goblet. It still pours its wealth of water from under the overhanging cliffs, as it did when it attracted Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter, and led him to pre-empt his homestead, to cut the logs and to build the hut into which he brought his bride, Nancy Hanks, and where three children were born to them.

The great trees are gone, but the ride of sixty-four miles from Louisville enables the tourist to judge even yet what the great forest must have been in its pristine glory. The solitary sycamores, the stately elms, the great oaks and the vigilant pines that still remain, suggest the impressive surroundings of the little cabin into which, on the twelfth day of February, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. The farm of 110 acres, the title of which is only two or three removes from the land warrant of Thomas Lincoln, is now worse than an abandoned field. The title is in litigation, and the local estimate holds the land well nigh valueless. Fifteen hundred dollars was mentioned as an extravagant price for it. An old house in a state of advanced dilapidation remains on the place and is occupied by an intelligent man of the mountain type, who seems to act as an unauthorized, at least as an unremunerated custodian. A bill was introduced into the Kentucky Legislature a few weeks ago for the purchase by the State of this farm and providing for setting it apart as a memorial park, forever dedicated to the public; but the fate of this bill seemed to be a matter of supreme indifference to the residents of Hodgenville; indeed, its very existence appeared to be unknown to many of them. The attitude of this otherwise thrifty little village seems to be that of indifference, not of ignorance. My driver ex-

pressed the public sentiment when he said, "We people here think it mighty common, but folks what come from north of the Ohio river make a great to-do about it, and fuss around cutting sas'fras sticks and the like." Surely, this ought not to be. The intelligence of our own country, our obligation to the future and our respect for the "consensus of the competent" the world over ought to lift this neglected shrine into the dignity and respect that become the birthplace of a great historical character.

This cannot be done by local enthusiasm, nor does it seem to me to be a State problem or obligation. It is a national lesson, a national opportunity which rises into a national obligation. Surely the government that is expending millions of dollars on the historic parks of Arlington, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Vicksburg, could spend a few thousands in preserving this shrine as a pacific memorial to the civilian whose splendor outshines all the epauleted heroes of all our wars.

How is this to be done? First let the Lincoln farm be bought by the Government, then all else will follow easily. Once the title is secured, a sense of permanence and of adequate maintenance will be assured. Then something like the following should speedily follow:

1. The log cabin, which we believe is now in New York City, should be brought back. In order to better preserve the original logs as long as possible, it should be restored and improved until it will represent such a cabin at its maximum of coziness and attractiveness. In this cabin let there be installed some tidy wholesome mother from the back-woods who will serve visitors at reasonable prices the genuine dishes of the older day, "sure enough" ash-cake, sweet potato pone, beaten biscuits, hominy and rye coffee, smoked ham, samp and succotash and hop-in-john. Let the necessary buildings for attendance, cooking houses, etc., represent the best architectural possibilities of the log-house and the back-woodsman's skill.

2. There might be a concession granted on the other side of the spring for a hotel to give accommodations to transients and boarders. Here again, both the architecture and the menu should preserve the maximum of simplicity consonant with comfort, cleanliness and sanitary requirements. The concession must guard against all extortion and selfish greed.

3. There should be at least one fireproof building of classic severity set apart as an "Old Settler's Museum," one end of which, the "Nancy Hanks Lincoln Section," should contain a full exhibit of the domestic side of the back-woods woman's life; the Dutch oven, the old spinning wheel, the outdoor kettles, the wooden ladles, gourd dippers, samples of rustic manufacture from the home-made knitted socks and mittens up to the wonderfully constructed log cabin and basket patterns of bed-quilts. These might well be offered for sale as mementoes, so long as the manufacture could be preserved in its integrity and the work be really produced by diligent hands of the women who are still to be found by the thousands in the mountain regions and back woods of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas. Such a market would prove a benignant outlet to many a dear old soul who now lives in obscurity, carrying in her heart the devotedness of Nancy Hanks, the first, and of Sally Bush Johnson, the second mother of Abraham Linclon. At the other end of this building let there be a "Thomas Lincoln Section," where the contrivances and "contraptions" of the pioneer farm, the barnyard and the chase should be exhibited—the old flintlock rifle, powder horns, bullet molds and the fishing spear, the axe in all its developments, the ox-yoke and chains, plows and hoes, coonskin caps and buckskin breeches, and all such things as will help young America to understand the conditions under which their brave fore-elders lived, who, in the paucity of things, attained the riches of the spirit. Let the second story of this building be set apart to a Lincolniana that will grow richer through the generations. The Lincoln literature is already a small library; it is growing at the rate of two or three books a year. Here let the collection be kept sacred and up to date, with pictures, documents, letters, such as would naturally gravitate to such a fitting center.

This memorial building I should like to see contributed by the school children of America—nickel a child, from Florida to Oregon. This would create a great and unique nucleus. Once the scheme is intelligently launched and safely organized, how fast the nickels would come in. Let every child send a nickel and his autograph written on prepared sheets. Let them be systematically arranged and bound by towns, counties and States, and placed in the Lincoln Memorial Room for future reference, where the grandchildren of the present little "tots" will look with pride on the autographs of their fore-elders who helped to build the Lincoln Memorial.

4. Then I would have another building that should be fire-proof, and that, too, should come through nickel offerings. Let it be the love-offering of the African race. Let there be nothing in it except the handiwork of the African. Let it be built and paid for by the hands of colored men. Let it contain as complete an historical museum as they can make it, with models and pictures and books of that which they have produced. Let the story be told from the earliest slave ships, up through all the developments and experiences of slavery to the Emancipation Proclamation and beyond. And the beyond will include such achievements in the arts and sciences as may be reached from time to time by the colored race and be judged worthy a place in this exhibit by a competent board. There are said to be nine million colored people in the United States at the present time. A nickel offering would lay the foundation of a more complete and unique exhibit in this direction than the world has yet seen.

A word as to the general treatment of the farm. It should be all fenced with a good honest rail fence, worm pattern, six rails high, properly blocked, staked and ridered—"such a fence as father used to build." Such a fence could be made picturesque, for there is the possibility of art in a rail fence as there is in a marble statue.

The farm is divided by a public road. On the spring side it should be brought to as high a stage of park cultivation as possible; lawn treatment with a few sheep, a lot of chickens and one or two old

fashioned little red cows, not the new fashioned Jerseys. The opposite section of the farm, on the other side of the road, should be restored as soon as possible to forest glory. Let all the old trees be planted back, the necessary walks arranged for, and then let Nature do her work, and a hundred years from now there will be a forest indeed, dense and majestic, such as the botanist will delight to visit. Near the entrance on the spring side let the Government put the noblest statue of Abraham Lincoln that art ever produced. Awaiting something better, this might well be a replica of St. Gaudens' noble statue, now situated in Lincoln Park, Chicago, the most worthy representation of the great emancipator yet modeled by sculptor's hand.

Has the time not come? Abraham Lincoln can wait; his fame is sure, but the American children and coming generations cannot afford to lose the passing opportunity. The old settlers are dying, the back woods are nearly all cleared, the type of American life represented by Thomas and Nancy Lincoln is fast passing away. Even the relics of that life are becoming scarce, and that life is too valuable, too full of spiritual potency, too pregnant with divine grace and power to be forgotten and lost. For this reason there is occasion for haste. Let the legislators at Washington cease for awhile their clamorings and their clashings in the interests of parties, sections and the enginery of destruction, and apply themselves to this constructive task, so easily accomplished, so filled with pacific potencies, so benignant a contribution to history.

I write this letter at the capital of the Palmetto State, under the shadow of the State House that carries the scars of Sherman's invasion. The hands that will prepare these notes for the printer have been shadowed for good or for ill by that terrible war from the Southern side, as my life has been furrowed by the same war from the Northern side, but in the name of Lincoln we find common ground. As I travel North and South and touch the heart of life in every section, I find that two names rise inevitably above the conflicting lines and dividing issues into that realm of universal respect which ever belongs to the sincere, the consecrated and the heroic. These two names are Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. Their pronunciation is ever a proclamation of reconciliation because the qualities just mentioned are reconciling qualities in human nature. The word "reconstruction" has a painful association in this latitude, but a rising tide of enthusiasm in the interest of history and in honor of one of the sages of humanity will do much towards obliterating what is painful and developing what is beautiful in the history of the past for North and for South.

Meanwhile, even as it is, let the pilgrimages to the neglected shrine be multiplied. It is an easy ride from Louisville to Hodgenville, and if parties of sufficient number go together, doubtless the Illinois Central Railway Company will be glad to make it still less wearisome, by giving special Pullman car service, which, until the hotel service at Hodgenville is improved, is necessary to the comfort of the tourist.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Columbia, S. C., March 14, 1904.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

VI.

John Calvin 1509-1564

If God be for us who can be against us.—John Calvin.

America had been discovered seventeen years when John Calvin was born in Noyon, Picardy, France. We know little of his boyhood except that he was born into an aristocratic atmosphere. Those were the days when the church had favors to confer, as politicians have today, and Calvin's father had sufficient influence when the lad was but twelve years old to procure for him a church position, which enabled him to pursue the studies that invited the very bright young boy. One position not furnishing the means to take him to the different universities, his father found another "living" for him, and at eighteen he had studied in Spain and had mastered Italian in Italy. When in Germany studying Greek he came under the influence of the Protestant movement. His father had intended him for the church although he only received the tonsure and was never admitted to holy orders, but his brilliant intellect caused his father to change his mind and decide that his son should study law. This was quite in line with Calvin's ambitions. His predilection was for the life of a scholar and student on lines for which the church did not have much use. He became a thinker, philosophic and analytic in this thinking, and at twenty-seven he wrote that which still stands as one of the great classical theological books in Christian literature, "The Institutes." In this book he worked out a scheme of religious philosophy that formed then and remains still the groundwork of the Protestant movement.

Calvin planned to study further at Basle and journeyed as far as Geneva. At that time Geneva was seething with reform agitation. Farel, a radical Catholic, who it is claimed anticipated Luther, was having a lot of trouble there. He seems to have been a fiery, emotional, magnetic kind of a fellow without organizing power and the conservative forces proved too much for him. Into this storm center of the Reformation came John Calvin, a quiet, obscure student. Farel insisted that he engage in the Lord's work. Calvin pleaded other interests and pursuits but finally yielded, and the scholar who had elected for himself a life of retirement, stayed in Geneva. He was cool, logical, quiet, earnest, where Farel had been tempestuous and stormy, and there quickly gathered around him the radical, non-Catholic element in Geneva. At that time, when there was no clear distinction between the civic and ecclesiastic forces of the city, Calvin proceeded to organize the municipality. Geneva was a very gay city, had much wealth, the people led a

luxurious life and there was drinking, gambling and dancing. Calvin insisted that those living the life of pleasure and ease should reform, and in righteous indignation refused to administer the sacrament until they had fitted themselves for the "feast of the Lord." Of course opposition and trouble ensued; he was obliged to leave Geneva and for two years led a wandering life, dodging those who thirsted for his blood. But in Geneva conditions became so intolerable that the people who had cast him out made every effort to get him back. He again surrendered, dictated his terms and for twenty-eight years was the Bishop-Mayor of the city and under his leadership it anticipated much of what we boast of in modern municipal affairs. He established a sort of Calvinistic theocracy, thought out a constitution for the community, and wrote a pretty hard and severe creed. He established a discipline that to us would seem intolerable in its severity, dictated details as to how women should dress their hair, prescribed men's diet, etc., but all in the interest of good sense and good morals. He made of Geneva the educational center of Protestantism to which people from all over Europe went to be tutored.

Until comparatively recently Calvin has stayed in history as a theologian. It remained for Edwin D. Mead, at one of the centennials, to compel the American people to see that John Calvin was a greater civic element than a theological, in reality the father of democracy in its application to city government and management. The Presbyterians may well make out a case that our own city government is patterned directly after that of the Presbyterian Church, conceived by John Calvin. In the gradation of town, city, county and national government the Protestantism of John Calvin foreshadowed the republicanism of the United States. In municipal affairs Calvin was a great democrat; he tore down the high altars, placed the communion table in the middle of the audience room, threw away the vestments and liturgy, and in his anti-ecclesiasticism established a democracy in religion. While his strong will led to autocracy and tyranny, the will is what democracy is anxious to foster, and it was the exercise of the will which broke down priestly intermediary connection with man and his God. It is easy to dispose of Calvin's theology and the creeds; it is not so easy to interpret the kind of life inspired by the line of great souls who took hold of Christianity when it had grown fat, lazy and complacent in the hands of the church and shook it free from ecclesiastic tyranny.

Calvin did have a short period of ease in his life and wrote to his friend Farel: "I am so much at my ease as to have the audacity to think of taking a wife." He also wrote:

> I am none of those insane lovers who embrace also the vices of those they are in love with when they are smitten at first sight with a fine figure. This only is the beauty that lures me,—if she is chaste and not too nice or fastideous, if economical, if patient, if there is hope that she will be interested about my health.

One would not expect very attractive wooing from such a standpoint, but he married the widow of an Ana-baptist preacher. She did not figure in his life as Kate did in Luther's, but when she died, after serving him nine years, he bore testimony to her rare qualities.

His own life closed in pathos. He "fell asleep in death," after excruciating suffering, at fifty-five. He is supposed to have been buried on the banks of the Rhone and a stone bearing the letters "J. C." may or may not mark the last resting place of this great French Protestant, the Genevan Reformer, the man whose star as a theologian seems to be setting only to appear again more bright than ever as the star of a patriot, a statesman. His dogmas are dead; his ethics are deathless. He believed so much in God that he forgot his human limitations in trying to define his decrees or to describe his mercy. The years of Calvin were few and tempestuous, but if, as is now being more and more clearly asserted, he wrought for a liberty that shamed and accused his own want of liberality, he has placed us under a measureless load of debt to him and he has set for us an example worthy of emulation.

Calvin was a great controversialist. His first notable one was with Pighius, who tried to confound Calvin's doctrines of predestination and man's free will. His next controversy was with Costellio, an Italian, a gentle, quiet scholar but without great force of character. His chief offense seems to have been that he did not quite believe in the inspiration of Solomon's Songs nor in Christ's descent into Hell. Then there came Westphal, who had some doubts concerning the sacrament. Another controversy was with Amy Perrin and the last and saddest was with Servetus of Italy.

Servetus was a scholar and incidentally became interested in theological and religious questions. He grew to have a distrust in the Trinity and an interest in the human estimate of Christ. Servetus has been called the first martyr to Unitarianism. He had been condemned by the Inquisition, but escaped, and instead of going where he might be free he went to Geneva and was recognized, thrown into prison, tried in good legal form and condemned to be burned over a slow fire. Calvin tried to have the sentence commuted to decapitation but was unsuccessful.

The Presbyterians today trace their origin through John Knox to John Calvin. Henry Ward Beecher once said he was a Calvinist, and when his audience began to smile, said, "I believe what Calvin would have believed had he lived today." The institution of Calvinism as the basis of Protestantism has grown, but has shown itself capable of taking in and giving out new life, although its historic origin is to be preserved. The Holland Church is still theologically Calvinistic, but it was Holland that harbored the Pilgrim Fathers. Somebody says that if there had been no Calvin there could have been no Bobby Burns or Carlyle, both the product of Scotch Presbyterianism.

Learned logicians find the four volumes of Institutes a great masterpiece of logic. Its five points are: Original sin, free grace, predestination, vicarious atonement and the persistency of the saints. The reading of it is an intellectual exercise, a training in appreciation of logical sequence.

QUESTIONS

(1) What was Calvin's early preparation for life?
(2) What side of his teachings is usually overlooked?
(3) What was the controversy between Calvin and Servetus?
(4) What were his official relations with Geneva?

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

MILITARY TRAINING FOR SCHOOL BOYS

Does America Want It?

PHYSICAL TRAINING EXPERTS

C. WARD CRAMPTON
Director of Physical Training, Department of Education, City of New York

The duty of the schools is to prepare boys and girls for the discharge of all human duties, both high and low. They should develop strength of body and character, loyalty to God and man, and should develop an ability to serve both well. Though it may be contrary to your belief, I hold that boys should be trained to defend their homes and lives. To do this best they must have training in hygiene, gymnastics, athletics, in the elementary schools and in the high schools. There must be no military training in the elementary schools, for the values of such may be gained through physical training. Moreover, I am convinced that it serves no worthy purpose. For the high school boy I wish a thorough Boy Scout training.

A silly, hysterical, fatal mistake seems to be running through the country now, a notion that military training has something to do with preparedness. This drilling small boys and putting them in uniform is absurd, from the military point of view, so far as making them soldiers goes. It is worse than absurd, from an educator's point of view.

DR. C. E. EHINGER
Physical Director State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

I do not approve of military training for schoolboys because:

1. All the benefits which the advocates of this plan claim can be secured as well or better without it, and at the same time avoid inculcating the pernicious war spirit.

2. There is great need of better physical training for our youth of both sexes, but I should not call this military training nor have it under the jurisdiction of the army, navy, state militia or other military organizations. That the military training, as we know it, does not give the best physical training is evidenced by the fact that for years our military school at West Point and naval school at Annapolis have employed instructors of physical training to overcome the disastrous results of the one-sided practice of the manual of arms and other military drills.

3. The inevitable result of military training is to emphasize preparation for war, while physical training emphasizes training for the battles of life.

GEORGE W. EHLER
Director of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin

Influential and prominent advocates of preparedness, carried away by their feelings and influenced by the superficial and concrete, propose to introduce military drill into all public schools and colleges as the chief means of preparing growing boys and youths for possible military service. * * * Military "drill" is a sound-deadening, enthusiasm-killing, contempt-developing treadmill. Preparedness involves * * * primarily and fundamentally the possession of vitality, endurance, integrity of structure and function of every organ, alertness, bodily skill, self-control, hardihood, courage—in other words, the fullest development of the physical, mental and emotional powers, the result of real physical education. * * * Let us not confound drill with training nor substitute "military drill" for physical education.

GEORGE J. FISHER, M. D.
Sceretary Physical Department, International Committee, Y. M. C. A.; New York State Military Training Commissioner

In the training camps in England it takes a full year to get the men in condition after they enlist. England's experience in this war indicates that the big problem is not primarily the training of the men in military tactics or drill, but conditioning the men. Therefore, the lesson to us should be to discover what methods can best be used to put and keep men in good physical condition.

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT
Director Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University; Director Normal School of Training, Cambridge, Mass.
(Before the Massachusetts Special Commission on Military Education, 1915)

Does military drill in the schools develop these qualities in youth which prepare a nation for the struggles of war, to say nothing of those of peace? No, because:

1. It is not an adequate means for physical training, being not only very limited in its activities, but actually harmful in its effect on boys less than eighteen or twenty years of age.

2. It does not offer sufficient opportunity for the development of the individual's powers of muscular and mental co-ordination and the exercise of judgment under unusual and trying circumstances.

3. It does not offer sufficient opportunity for struggle, which requires and develops a spirit of co-operation and self-sacrifice, loyalty and a strong will.

4. The most military nations in the world do not have military drill in their schools, but give military instructions and training only after the boys have reached eighteen or twenty years and have received years of physical training as a part of their schooling.

5. The same qualities that are of most value for war are of most value in peace. Military drill also is inadequate as a preparation for the struggles of peace, such as are necessary to sustain the place of the individual or nation in the pursuit of science, politics, commerce, etc.

6. Military drill in the schools cannot teach boys the real art of war, since they are too young to handle the real weapons and undergo the vigors of adequate instruction. Hence it is apt to foster a bombastic military spirit of "tin-soldierism" and a false sense of patriotism which does not appreciate the seriousness of war nor the glories of the struggles of peace.

WILLIAM A. STECHER
Director Physical Education, Philadelphia Public Schools; Editor "Mind and Body"

Sound physical growth must be at the foundation of all preparedness, be this for success in the pursuits of peace or for personal and national defense. And sound physical growth can be given to school children better and for much less expense by means of adequate physical training than through military training.

RANDAL D. WARDEN
Director of Physical Training, Newark, N. J.

I am totally opposed to military drill in the public schools of America. I believe that the science of military training is too technical and arduous for boys under sixteen years of age. Of course, the tactics and the manual of arms can be taught to boys under this age, but this, in my judgment, is of no great importance or helpfulness in the teaching of national protection.

In place of military instruction in the public schools I believe that a thorough course in physical training should be compulsory.

From the Report of the Special Commission on Military Education and Reserve, State of Massachusetts, 1915

The overwhelming weight of opinion from school teachers, military experts, officers of both the regular army and the militia and the general public is against military drill. It is generally agreed that the military drill which a boy receives in school is of little or no advantage to him from the point of view of practical soldiering. As far as available evidence goes, drill in the schools has

had no beneficial effect in promoting enlistments in the militia, except in a few isolated localities. For various reasons it has seemed to create a dislike for soldiering. Miliary drill in the schools is objected to by many on the ground that boys of school age have not attained sufficient mental maturity to appreciate what war and fighting mean, and are therefore unable to digest ideas which military drill presents to them in concrete form. It is worth noting that military drill as such is given in the schools no countries of the world except Australia and Japan.

The Commission does not recommend military drill in the schools, but is opposed to it.

Physical training which tends to make a boy strong, physically well set up and mentally alert is the proper preparation for civil life. The overwhelming weight of public opinion favors the greater development of physical training in the schools and the standardization and inspection of such training by some central authority.

AUTHORITIES ON BOY LIFE

JAMES E. WEST
Chief Scout Executive, National Council, Boy Scouts of America

We must frankly admit that thus far, as a nation, whenever the test has been applied, we have been woefully deficient in physical preparedness.

As a result, because of the European War and recent Mexican developments, the country is alarmed and aroused, and an effort is being made by many well-meaning people to impose the burden of military preparedness upon our schools and boys in their teen age.

If those who are leaders in physical education would come forward with a definite program of instruction which would greatly improve the physical condition of the product of our public schools and colleges, I feel confident that the most radical advocates of the technical military training would be satisfied with it as a preliminary program and would be content to have their strictly military program commence at a more mature age.

Those things which make for discipline, obedience, loyalty, courage, endurance, resourcefulness, initiative, alertness, moral courage, good health, knowledge of how to care for oneself, etc., should not be considered distinctive military training, but should be given as part of citizenship training to all boys and girls to properly prepare them for their later responsibilities as home makers, wage earners and citizens.

WALTER S. COWING
Scout Executive, Philadelphia

There are two reasons why I am not an advocate of military training in the schools. First, I believe such a system to be educationally and biologically incorrect for the Grammar and High School boy. Secondly, the real underlying purpose of military training in the schools is to produce efficient soldiery. According to many competent observers, military training for boys does not produce good soldiers, but tends to impair their usefulness as such.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY
Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

The epidemic of military training in the public schools of this country is childish and cowardly in the extreme. No reason exists for such training which did not exist a decade ago. At that time it would have been impossible to induce intelligent citizens to lay such a yoke on American childhood. When the international slaughter in Europe shall have ceased our people will again realize the futility of this craze that has swept the country. No other nation, even in the extremity of frontier danger, has gone as far as to thus expose its children.

Specifically, my three reasons for opposing military training in school are:

1. The burden on the public school is already heavy enough and poorly enough carried.
2. If military training is essential it can be better done outside the school than inside.
3. My belief in world peace forbids me to sanction the training of young boys in the use of instruments of death for the same reason that I could not countenance the teaching of cannibalism to children because, forsooth, some untouched tribe on earth may still practice the custom.

WILLIAM A. McKEEVER
Professor of Child Welfare, University of Kansas; Author of "Training the Boy," etc.

In my opinion, the general introduction of military training in the public high schools of the country would be nothing short of a national calamity. Such a procedure would be the most direct and certain means of involving the country in war some time within the next quarter of a century. I regard the military training of the youths and young men of the central European powers as the chief contributing cause of the awful conflict now in progress. If a patriotic war ever occurs in this country its battles will be fought best by the young men who have been trained to work, to do their full part as citizens, to live honestly and soberly and to fear God and keep His commandments. Such young men naturally love their country because of what it has done for them, and they will die for it if need be.

From booklet issued by Society of Friends, 1305 *Arch St., Philadelphia.*

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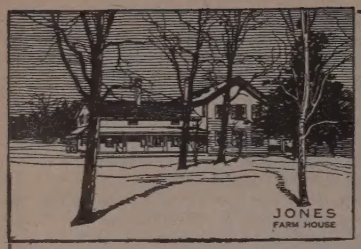

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